

## Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.  
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

### FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

#### GRACE.

They called her Grace, the baby Grace! Because she had such a pretty face. An only daughter—oh, she was fair! With her rosy cheeks and her sunny hair.

But the baby Grace would have her way; She wouldn't be good; she wouldn't obey; And was hard to manage. Oh, what a shame It was to call her by such a name!

If they had called her any thing plain, Like Ann Maria or Betsy Jane, It wouldn't have seemed so out of place; But who wants to punish a child named Grace?

At last she had to be sent to school, Where all was light according to rule, And there she found she had to commence And learn the art of obedience.

O—be—di—once! four syllables strong, We all must learn as we go along; And Grace's progress I'm sure is slow, As her previous studies began with "no!"

But after a while, if she gives good heed, She'll learn to spell, and she'll learn to read, And I really hope she will learn—don't you?—To mind at once when she's spoken to.

For sweeter than any charm of face Are the winning ways that are full of grace; And when Grace is naughty, it seems a shame That she should have such a pretty name!

—Josephine Pollard, in *Youth's Companion*.

#### THE TEA-KETTLE LIGHT.

[We extract from the March *St. Nicholas* part of a story of a country boy who started a gas factory by himself. His name was Joe, and he lived in New Hampshire. One winter, he earnestly wished to attend school, but this seemed impossible, for his spare time would all be taken up in splitting shingles. He tried, but in vain, to do the splitting by fire-light. Lamp, he had none; candles were too dear; he must have something else. Weeks before, he had been surprised at a strange light flaming high above a charring heap of birch-wood. He found that this was caused by the burning of gas which came from the birch-bark. Why could he not get more of the same light, split his shingles by it, and so save time for the winter schooling? He resolved to try; mysteriously told his brothers and sisters that he was going to stop the cracks in a certain old tea-kettle, and disappeared into the wood-shed.]

Lois called after him that if he didn't "grease his tea-kettle well, it would stick."

"He's going to make a tea-kettle dumpling!" shouted Deborah.

But Joe, out in the cold wood-shed, kept plastering dough over the cracks in the tea-kettle. This well done, he began cutting into small pieces the birch-bark he had saved, so that it could be crowded closely into the tea-kettle. By the time he had filled it, supper was called, and Joe, going in, set his patched contrivance close by the fire.

"Well, Joe," laughed his mother, "what now? Are you going to turn blacksmith or baker?"

"Joe, Joe," piped Moses, "will you be a blacksmith or a bakesmith, mother says?"

"O, I am a shingle-splitter," said Joe, smiling back. "And I'd like to be a lightsmith, too, pretty well, if I could."

After supper was cleared away, and the big kettle was taken off the crane, Joe hung on his tea-kettle, bread dough, birch-bark, and all, swung it over the fire, and sat down to watch the result of his operations.

"What is it, anyhow, Joe?" asked Moses.

"Why, don't you see! It's an old tea-kettle."

"What you dot in it?" piped little Judith.

"Birch-bark, sis," responded Joe, laconically.

"Maple-bark is best to make ink of; isn't it, mother?" queried Debby.

"Yes, indeed, Joe, and you don't have to burn it—only steep it, and put in a little copperas."

"I am not trying so make ink, mother," Joe answered, "though I must make some before long."

Then turning to his father, he said:

"You remember how the coal-pit we burned last week got 'bewitched,' don't you? Well, I think it must have been the green birch-bark, which I don't suppose ever before got piled into a coal-pit, that caused the light somehow, though I don't know exactly how; and I am trying to see if birch-bark won't make a light here as well as there."

Joe spoke with a deprecating tone, for he knew his father's violent antipathy toward all "new-fangled notions."

"Well, you are a dunce, to be sure. Don't you know that if birch-bark had been good for any thing but a torch, somebody would have found it out before this? Young folks, nowadays, think they know more than their fathers. It wasn't so when I was a boy. You'd better just put that tea-kettle out of the way and go to work."

The key-note had been struck by his father, and every voice in the household joined in making fun of him and his cracked kettle. Joe was irritated, of course, but was so full of his new idea that he hadn't time to get angry, and he comforted himself with the belief that it might be his turn to laugh before long. Yet he knew he never would hear the last of it if his experiment failed. He watched it very anxiously.

At last, his father imperatively ordered him to take his kettle away; but he was so earnest in his pleading for time to give his idea a fair trial that his mother interposed out of pity, and his

father consented to let him alone, thinking he would thus be more convinced that he was following up a crazy notion. So Joe, thankful for the respite, kept intently watching the flames reach up toward the queer, patched object on the crane, baking the dough-cement harder, and concealing it with a deposit of soot. Soon a trace of steam issued from the spout, and became a new center of interest to him, and a new subject for chaffing by the merry circle of sisters.

"When the steam passes off the gas will begin to come," explained Joe, quietly. Then there was a new cause of alarm. Jane became more and more nervous—"fidgety," as her mother said—because company was coming, and her brother and his old tea-kettle "would be town-talk." This nearly stopped his proceedings, but he managed to save his machine a little longer, Jane's "young man" still delaying his expected coming; and as the clouds of steam began to grow less and less, with strange earnestness, that even the thoughtless little ones respected, Joe begged for only ten minutes longer, and warned Jane and her tongs away from interfering in a tone so quietly stern, that she never thought of answering him, but sat down immediately.

The girls went to work on their grammar lesson, but soon got back to the kettle. Every body's thoughts spun round that black, hissing object just now. They talked a good deal about it, but Joe did not appear to be listening. The steam had stopped entirely, and he was carrying a lighted shaving with trembling hands towards the spout of the kettle. A brilliant blaze suddenly lighted up the house.

"Hurrah!" cried Joe. "Sell your box of candles and buy yourself a new gown, mother. Hurrah for school and shingles all winter! Hurrah!"

"Why, Joe!" cried his mother, something sparkling in her eyes, "why, Joe, I didn't think it would burn so; but it does, and I'm glad of it, too."

Little Moses and Judith skipped about from one corner to another, laughing to know that something was not hid there to catch them every time they ventured into the darkness. Joe came in just then to Jane's great satisfaction, though, perhaps, he did not help to correct grammar recitation on Monday. Notwithstanding his presence, she did not seem very seriously alarmed for Joe's reputation. Joe looked on the blazing tea-kettle in amazement, and with some trepidation.

"May be it's bewitched!" said he to Jane.

"O, I don't know what Joe's been doing to it, I'm sure," said the promising girl; "but I guess it is light enough to see to play cat's-cradle," and so they tried it.

"Why, Joe, you're a genius, instead of a dunce, I do declare!" said Debby.

"This is an invention, and no mistake," "You are all acting like a parcel of dunces," declared their father, preparing to go to bed. "Tain't no great wonder that birch-bark should burn after its got a fire, if it is in an old tea-kettle. It'll all burn out in ten minutes."

"No, Debby, I'm only a dunce," Joe replied; "but you will soon see that it will burn all the evening."

And it did. At bed-time the tea-kettle was taken from the crane and the blaze extinguished. The next morning it was hung on again—this time without opposition—and lighted after it got hot, no time being lost in waiting for steam to dry off. Joe split his shingles now without delay, and never was there a more diligent and happy fellow. Toward the end of the week the crust burned off the cracks in the kettle, whereupon the light became more brilliant than ever, for it streamed out from every crack as well as from the spout, and the black, old tea-kettle was clothed in a mantle of flickering fire. But Joe was afraid the shattered constitution of his favorite would hardly hold together under so much excitement. So, on Saturday, he plastered the cracks over anew, this time with clay, and filled it with a new stock of birch-bark.

And thus he worked by his tea-kettle light all winter, and got his schooling, too.

Here endeth the true history of the first of all the gas factories.

#### How \$500 Grew to be Millions.

In the year 1818 the father of the late Mr. James Lenox bought from the commonality of New York three parcels of land, containing altogether twelve acres, and comprising all the land between Fourth and Fifth Avenues, Seventy-first and Seventy-second Streets. They cost him \$500. This property he left by will to his son, and enjoined him not to sell it, because, he said, he had "a firm persuasion that it may at no distant day be the site of a village."

Mr. Lenox respected his father's wishes and the property was kept intact until 1864, when streets were run through it. A portion of the property was then sold to different people, but a large part still remains in the estate. The value of this entire parcel at the present time is not far from \$6,000,000. It is among the choicest residence property in New York.—*New York Graphic*.

THE fire which occurred at Tokio, Japan, toward the end of last year, destroyed 12,000 houses, and left 40,000 people without shelter.

Is a body-snatcher like a boil on the neck because he's a neck's humor?

### HERE AND THERE.

CENTS have begun to appear in San Francisco. Hitherto five-cent pieces have been the least coin received.

At Madrid, Spain, sentries exposed to the "death breath," blowing from the Guadarama Mountains, are changed every half hour.

In the poorest quarter of Rome, Italy, a crowd of famishing workmen stopped a cart load of bread, and in a twinkling carried it all off. There is terrible destitution there.

THE Lowell (Mass.) *Courier* has its Boston news sent directly to the office by telephone from the Hub. Instead of the familiar line "Special Dispatch," etc., the columns of that paper are headed "By Telephone to the *Courier*."

Nor long since a storm occurred in Florence, Italy, which rendered locomotion impossible for nearly twenty-four hours. The streets were covered with three feet of snow, and the roofs of several houses fell in beneath the unexpected weight.

THE MORMONS have no scruples over telling the truth about the dead. At a recent funeral in Salt Lake, President Taylor remarked: "He died a drunkard—and he will find a drunkard's grave. He has gone to hell, and there is where he deserves to go."

"MAY a mouse never leave your cupboard with a tear in his eye!" and "enclosed please find fifty cents, which I received from a young man in payment for a kiss," the latter headed, "Let the Good Work Go On," are among the messages sent with contributions to the Irish relief fund of the New York *Herald*.

GEORGE ZEIGLER, of Butler, Pa., was out hunting rabbits. While passing through a piece of woods he saw a squirrel sitting on a limb, an unusual sight this time of year. He fired. The squirrel did not drop. He fired twice more before it fell. When he went to pick it up he saw four squirrels lying on the ground. They were all joined together by a strip of flesh that passed from one to the other. Three of the squirrels were dead, and the other one died soon afterward. They were all full grown and well developed.

THE word telegraph was first brought into use about 1793 or 1794, when the French directory established machines for communicating intelligence between Paris and all the principal towns of France. The British Government soon after adopted the same measure. The authority for this assertion will be found in Rees's Encyclopedia, 1819, vol. 35. The word does not appear in Johnson's Dictionary until the edition of 1818, and neither does it occur in the Grand French Encyclopedia of Diderot of 1778.

MRS. MARY JANE ROZELLE, aged 105, the oldest resident of Oswego, N. Y., is a remarkable example of preservation. She has several children living here whom she visits, walking to their various houses as sprightly as a girl. Her form is straight, she talks rapidly and intelligently, and says she has perfect use of all her senses. Her maiden name was Kline, and she was born in Montreal in 1774. She has had fifteen children, nine of whom are living, aged 69, 67, 65, 63, 61, 59, and two others younger. Her own family consisted of three sisters and seven brothers, of whom one only survives, aged 85. She was married seventy-five years ago, being the second wife of Peter Rozelle, who died aged 110 years and 4 months, the father of twenty-five children.

J. F. BORTER, of the European House, Williamsport, Pa., was opening an unusually large oyster, when he was astonished to see something jump out and alight in a pail of water, where it swam and darted about as lively as a trout in a brook. There was only a small part of the oyster in the shell, the rest having been devoured. The strange object that had inhabited the shell was fished out of the pail of water. It proved to be a bright-eyed odd-looking fish, of a description never seen nor heard of in these parts. It is three inches long. From over each eye an ugly looking horn, half an inch long, protrudes at nearly right angles. It has small appendages on each side of the head, which might pass for ears. Immediately behind these is a wing-like fin, on each side of the body, which is smooth and covered with brilliant black spots. Mr. Parker has placed this curiosity in an aquarium.

WHEN Mr. Fowler, Colonial Secretary of the Honduras, was recently exploring the interior of the colony, he was overtaken by a drove of peccaries, and had only time to take a snap shot at the first of them and scramble up a tree, dropping his rifle in the performance, before the whole pack were round his perch, gnashing their teeth at him, grunting and sharpening their tusks against his tree. Now the peccary is not only ferocious but patient, and rather than let an object of its anger escape will wait about for days, so that the Secretary had only two courses—either to remain where he was until he dropped down among the swine from sheer exhaustion and hunger, or else to commit suicide at once by coming down to be eaten there and then. While he was in this dilemma, however, a jaguar appeared. This animal has a particular fondness for wild pork, and the peccaries bolted helter-skelter. The jaguar was after them with admirable promptitude, and the Secretary, finding the coast clear, made his escape.

### Washington Society in 1825.

The circle of what was termed "good society" at Washington had been, and was then, very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few Senators or Representatives brought their wives to cheer their Congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings. A few diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at headquarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction. The most friendly and cordial intercourse prevailed, and those who met at dinner parties and at evening entertainments were like members of one family, in general sympathy.

The costume of the ladies was classic in its scantiness, especially at balls and parties. The fashionable ball dress of white India crape, and five breadths, each a quarter of a yard wide, were all that was asked for to make a skirt, which only came down to the ankles, and was elaborately trimmed with a dozen or more rows of narrow flounces. Silk or cotton stockings were adorned with embroidered "clocks," and thin slippers were ornamented with silk rosettes and tiny buckles.

Those gentlemen who dressed fashionably wore "Bolívar" frock-coats of some gay-colored cloth, blue, or green, or claret, with large lapels and gilded buttons. Their linen was ruffled; their "Cossack" trousers were voluminous in size, and were tucked into high "Hessian" boots, with gold tassels. They were two and sometimes three waistcoats each, of different colors, and from their watch-pockets dangled a ribbon, with a bunch of large seals. When in full dress, gentlemen wore dress-coats with enormous collars and short waists, well stuffed white cambric cravats, small-clothes, or tight-fitting pantaloons, silk stockings, and pumps.—*March Atlantic*.

### Washington Dinner-Table Anecdotes.

A veteran statesman, at a recent dinner, told an unpublished anecdote of the late Senator McDougal, of California. Taking dinner once with some fellow-Senators in Washington, Roman punch was served during one of the courses of the dinner. A statesman asked Senator McDougal how he liked the punch. "Well enough," said McDougal, "but you have to eat altogether too much ice to get any liquor." The same statesman, who is something of a wag in a quiet way, made at the same dinner a rather brilliant remark upon the subject of music. He said that he was not educated enough to appreciate music. He believed he might possibly know the difference between "Old Hundred" and "Yankee Doodle." At the same time he remarked: "I am a very patient man, and can bear music for a long time." A friend of his at the dinner table, stirred by reminiscence of the punch anecdote, said that he remembered once entertaining a country cousin who never in her life had tasted ice cream. A dish of superb cream was served up at the close of dinner, and he noticed that his country cousin touched upon it very daintily, at the same time without any particular expression of surprise, as though she were not going to be put down or impressed with any thing which city people might offer her. Finally he asked her: "Sallie, how do you like the cream?" "The cream itself," said she, "seems to be very good, but it appears to be a little tetchy with frost."—*Wash. Letter to Chicago Times*.

### Social Life of the Aborigines.

Says the Winnemucca (Nev.) *Silver State*: Charley Thacker, the Plate interpreter, is a believer in Mormonism to the extent of two wives. He is a handsome young buck, yet the other members of his tribe say his wives think more of other men than they do of him. When the Princess Sallie returned from her conference with Carl Schurz at Washington, she was invited by Charley to stop with him in his tent, across the river from town. Her highness accepted the invitation, and held court in his wickiup. Of course three women could not live long in a tent without plotting some mischief, so the Princess arranged for a trip to Virginia City. He says they got uproariously drunk, and were making his wickiup too warm for him. He tied his wife's hands behind her back and attempted to gag the Princess, to keep her from talking, but did not succeed in doing so. The other night one of his wives left town, he thinks for Virginia City, and he has not seen her since. He is very anxious to have her return, as she was his first wife, and the second refuses to live with him unless wife No. 1 returns.

CREAM PUFFS.—Melt one-half cup of butter in a cup of hot water, and while boiling beat in one cup of flour. Take it from the fire, and when cool stir in three eggs, one at a time, without beating them. Drop the mixture on tins in small spoonfuls and bake in a moderate oven. *Custard for the Filling*—One and one-half cups of milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, sugar to the taste and flavor with vanilla. Beat up the eggs and sugar and stir in the milk with the flavoring, and when it comes to a boil stir in the flour, previously mixed smooth in a little milk. Cool and fill the puffs by opening them a very little.

### On the Cattle Trail from Texas.

During the early period of cattle-driving from Texas to Kansas, Indian attacks and fights were frequent, and the journey was one of military precaution and constant hazard; but in recent years, the drover told us, such events have been exceptional; the only regular annoyance from Indians now is their exaction of toll for the passage of cattle through the Territory; and outside of their reservations, one is rarely seen any more, unless it may be a dead one left on the trail by some scouting party from an adjacent fort—"but I'd rather see one dead Indian than a dozen live ones, any day," he remarked. They have learned by experience to avoid the cattle men—"knowing we're always ready for 'em," the drover explained—and to make their raids, instead, upon the scattered and unprotected settlers along the Kansas border; and thus the trip that was once so exciting and thick with adventure has come to be an unspeakably cheerless and tiresome thing, with only a chance buffalo chase (for the buffalo, too, is now seldom met with) or a race after jack-rabbits to relieve its prolonged monotony. About the first of April is the time the herds are started from Red River northward, and the aim is to reach the Kansas cattle towns—distant some eight hundred miles—in the latter part of June, the route leading over the long, bleak "Chisholm Trail," which goes winding and twisting this way and that, to suit the erratic bearings of the water-courses and strike conveniences for camping. Two herders to a hundred head of cattle is the rule—the herd often embraces five or six thousand head—and each herder has two horses, and is paid thirty to forty dollars a month, or twice that, if he owns his horses; a boss and a cook added to these, with wagons or pack-mules to carry provisions, and an abundant supply of fire-arms, saddles, lariats, blankets, and short-handled whips, and in some cases a few dog-tents, make up the "outfit," as it is termed. The herd is driven leisurely until noon, when there is a short stop for dinner; then the rate of travel is gradually increased, and kept up without rest or slackening, until the camping-place is arrived at and a halt made for the night; there the cattle are huddled together, or "rounded up" in as small a compass as possible, called the "bed-ground," and the herders stand guard over them, by stated turns, like pickets, until morning comes and the fantastic expedition moves forward again—though sometimes a thunder-storm or other unexpected noise brings on a "stampede," and enlivens these prosaic night-watches (to the secret delight of the drowsy guards, we may guess) with a swift gallop into the grassy darkness after the terrified and fleeing cattle.

And so, day after day, [the slow, dull drive continues, each day so like every other that soon all reckoning of its place in the week is lost, each passing scene so much a mere bald repetition that the whole outlook in a short time becomes simply one vast, featureless, confusing impression, like the ocean. Indeed, being adrift on these great, vague and melancholy prairies is very similar to being out at sea. The drover of whom I have spoken told us that he never made the journey without a continual torturing heartache and sense of exile; and it is not improbable that the most ignorant and indifferent of the herders—perhaps even the worn and bewildered cattle, also—catch a hint of this feeling, could they formulate it in speech. Always, after a few days of the march, and a fair start into what may be called the sorcery of the intervening desert, a habit of silence and reverie and depression comes upon the entire outfit, save only the unaccountable little cow-birds—the Mother Carey's chickens of this singular argosy—that flutter cheerily and constantly round the herd the whole way from Red River to New Sharon. The songs and jokes die out, the story-tellers cease to spin their coarse and knotted yarns, card-playing by the camp-fire is voted a bore, daily conversation dwindles to monosyllables. "Every man draws himself into his shell," as the drover expressed it; and there he remains, taciturn and brooding, unmindful of his companions and careless of himself, until some lucky morning, a strange dog's bark, the crow of an early-rising rooster, or a bit of breakfast smoke from a homesteader's dug-out, rouses him from his dream, and with a thrill as of escape from long and nameless peril, he comes back to the world—alert, expectant, potential.—*Henry King, in Scribner's for March*.

### Journalism on Wheels.

An editor in one of the North Georgia counties owns a portable printing-office. The editor is a first-rate blacksmith and occasionally changes his location, stopping in any neighborhood where the farmers are disposed to furnish him with work, and as soon as he gets his shop in good running order, he sets up his old Ben Franklin hand-press, buys a gallon or two of sirup, a few pounds of glue, and casts a roller. Then he buys a dozen quires of paper, and in a few days *The Thunderbolt of Freedom* makes its appearance, claiming a large circulation and offering "superior inducements to advertisers."

A MATCH loses its head when it comes to the scratch.

### A Famously Rich Woman.

Some time ago the President of the Louisville, Nashville and Great Southern Railroad said that there was a woman owning stock in that railroad who had \$25,000,000. I thought over the whole range of women in this country, and failed to drop to any with that amount of money. I inquired of other persons, and they thought the woman was a myth. But I have understood, within a day or two, that there is really a woman with a fortune of that, or approximate, magnitude, though she is scarcely known to any body either in financial or social circles.

She is a Mrs. Green, the wife of a former American merchant in China, who is himself said to be worth \$5,000,000. This gentleman spends most of his time about the Union Club, New York, while his wife resides with an invalid son at Bellows' Falls, Vermont.

She derives her fortune from a man known as "Blubber" Robinson, who owned the largest line of whale-ships at New Bedford, Mass. New Bedford, you will remember, is quite a modern town in New England, having been settled only ten years before the Revolutionary War. It took the name of Bedford, because the land was owned by a Mr. Russell, who remembered that Russell was the family name of the Dukes of Bedford. This town grew rich by the address of a Quaker named Rotch, who persuaded the French and British Governments to let him ship them whale oil duty free. Then arose a magnificent whaling business for New Bedford, which in 1838 had 170 whale ships, employing 10,000 sailors, and which fleet brought 160,000 barrels of whale oil a year.

The man known as "Blubber" Robinson is said to have had a line of whale-ships painted blue in color, and had extraordinary success, both on the sea and in the employment of his capital on shore. After the discovery of gold in California the whaling business declined, and during the War of the Rebellion the big New Bedford fleet in the Pacific Ocean was destroyed by one of the worthless Rebel privateers. Meantime it seems that the carefully treasured wealth of "Blubber" Robinson passed into the hands of a daughter, educated into an extraordinary passion for penury, and taught that there was but one commandment left to man, and that was to "know the value of money." In the City of Paris, on an occasion, Miss Robinson encountered Mr. E. H. Green, and their fortunes were joined. She, however, kept her own separately, both in the amount and the management, and I understand that Mr. Cisco, in New York, the banker, is her business agent and makes her investments. Mr. Green meantime hunts out investments on his own account.

Mrs. Green is said to have 10,000 shares of stock in the Louisville organization, and considerable more than that in the Houston & Texas Central Railroad. If we will suppose that these 10,000 shares originally cost \$40 a share, they have gone up about \$1,000,000 in the subsequent rise of the stock. I am not sure that I have the figures correctly in my mind as to the number of shares possessed by this woman. The husband, Mr. Green, is said to have been originally a man of fine general observation and respectable scholarship, but his connection with such a well-busanded fortune has also made him something of a monomaniac on wealth.—*Gath, in the Cincinnati Enquirer*.

### A Dramatic School Incident.

A somewhat dramatic incident occurred in a country school-house near Seaford, Del., a few days since. The other pupils were required by the teacher, a certain Samuel Roop, to write "compositions." A young miss of sixteen refused to go through with this part of the school exercises. The teacher notified her that on the following Monday she would be required to write a composition. The girl had a couple of big brothers, and when they heard of this peremptory order they concluded to attend school themselves on Monday, and if the teacher attempted to enforce it to give him a thrashing. The teacher was advised of this threat and put a revolver in his pocket before he started for the school-house on Monday morning. The big brothers were in attendance. When the hour came for writing compositions the teacher laid his revolver on the desk, and told the refractory girl to proceed with her task. The big brothers kept their seats in mute astonishment while their sister wrote a composition. A meeting of the School Commission was called, and they sustained Mr. Roop in his method of enforcing discipline.—*Washington Star*.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Two cups and one-half of hot molasses, one cup of shortening (half butter and half lard), one teaspoonful of ginger and one of cinnamon; dissolve two teaspoonfuls of saleratus in a cup of lukewarm water and throw in as quickly as possible; add some flour and stir a few minutes as you would soft cake, then add more flour; mix as soft as you can conveniently and roll out.

It is estimated that the time wasted by women of the United States in looking under beds for men, at night, if devoted to the work, would result, in a year's time, in making over 17,000 pairs of suspenders for the heathen.—*Boston Post*.